

either seen or heard. This region is densely wooded and uninhabited except by an occasional lumber camp. So far as noticed the birds were always in pairs.—ULYSSES O. COX, *Mankato, Minn.*

**The Song of the Alder Flycatcher.**—I have studied the notes of the Alder Flycatcher for two years, very closely, in Maine where it nested near the house, and I heard its song and various other utterances nearly all day. The ordinary song, as I know it, consists of two notes much like the Chebec's. It is in the hoarse tone of the Phœbe, and is jerked out with a backward jerk of the head, after the manner of the Least Flycatcher, and to my ear, it sounds like *red-dy*, sometimes — but not by any means generally. He gives in addition to this, another two-note utterance, much lower, and of a clear musical quality, very different from the hoarse common song, without tossing the head, or jerking.

Besides these he has several other utterances, a loud clear *queoe*, several times repeated, as if to command attention, and a low plaintive *qu?—qu-cù*. In addition to these he gives many different notes in an undertone, which can neither be described nor imitated by the human voice. In fact, the bird is extremely versatile. My studies have always been made where I could see as well as hear the bird, so that there is no possibility of mistake. I have never been able to make Dr. Dwight's, Mrs. Wright's or Mr. Chapman's characterization of the song fit my bird, but I learned long ago that no two persons hear a bird note alike, or, rather, that no two birds have exactly the same utterances.—OLIVE THORN MILLER, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

**The Occurrence of the Prairie Horned Lark at Southern Pines, N. C.**—The past winter at Southern Pines, N. C., was called one of unusual severity. After passing through weeks of weather hardly to be equalled in the north by stormy March or April, it was hardly a surprise to awake one morning in February and find the sand covered with nearly a foot of snow. The snow melted rather slowly and as I picked my way along the street on Feb. 19 I was surprised to hear the familiar call of the Horned Lark. I followed the flock, which consisted of eight birds, for some time, satisfying myself as to their identity, though the call was sufficient. The next day they were about the streets, which were bare only in places, the snow mixed with sand by the passing teams melting faster than where undisturbed. They were less shy the second day and I got quite near to them. They were very dull colored and probably more or less stained with the soot which is everywhere about in that country. Their small size and dull colors leave little doubt they were the common form (*Otocoris alpestris praticola*). They were not seen after the 20th. I judge records of the Horned Lark this far south are not frequent.—C. H. MORRELL, *Pittsfield, Me.*

**The Boat-tailed Grackle as a Stow-away.**—On the afternoon of June 7, 1898, the ocean steamship 'Tallahassee' left her dock in Savannah,